

Each night the men returned in the beautiful dream-like twilight to the part of the gillmenting of ber skin, the analysis of the part of t

and bringing out with a roar the em-phatic words of the crude ditties written by some genius from their own

Come all ye sons of freedom through-out old Michigan, Come all ye gallant lumbermen, list to shanty man. On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,

OH!—we'll range the wild woods o'er
while a-lumbering we go.

Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute certainty in the superiority of his calling—absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. same spirit was once fully and freely

The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground.

At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow,
OHI-we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumbering we go!"

That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fail merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this unmanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He was a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men!
A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure:

I am a jolly shanty boy,
As you will soon discover;
To all the dodges I am fly,
A hustling pine-woods rover,
A peavey-hook it is my pride,
An ax I well can handle.
To fell a tree or punch a bull
Get rattling Danny Randall."

And then with a rattle and crash the whole Fighting Forty shricked out the

Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

Active, alert, prepared for any emergency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like! Thorpe despised himself. The song

I love a girl in Saginaw,
She lives with her mother.
I defy all Michigan
To find such another.
She's tall and slim, her hair is red,
Her face is plump and pretty.
She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl,
And her front name stands for Kitty.

And again as before the Fighting Forty howled truculently:

Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

The words were vulgar, the air a mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stilled. His aroused subconsciousness had been engaged in recontilled. His and been engaged and been engaged structing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the man characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit halted, finger on ings. Now his spirit halted, finger on ings. Now his spirit halted, finger on ings. lip. Their bravery, pride of caste, re-source, bravado, boastfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the Mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl"; the eternal feminine; the softer side; the tenderness, beauty, glory of even so harsh a world as they were compelled to inhabit. At the present or in the past these woods roisterers, this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe arose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The song pursued him as he went, but he heard only the clear, sweet tones, not the words. And yet even the words would have spelled to his awakened sensibilities another idea ave symbolized, however, npanionship and the human -would have light of acting a part before a wo-

I took her to a dance one night, A mossback gave the bidding— Sliver Jack bossed the shebang, And Big Dan played the fiddle. We danced and drank the livelong

Ill Silver Jack cleaned out the ranc And sent the mossbacks prancing.

moil of the quick water the last should of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly

Bung yer eye! bung yer eye!

Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade which streamed the radiance of a full

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood outside

Her small fair head was inclined ever

its wolves, and its wild deer, and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited.

Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note agross the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstacy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, whol-ly divine, listening to the little bird's ssage.

For the third time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

He did not feel the earth beneath his knees, nor the whip of the sumach across his face; he did not see the moon shadows creep slowly along the fallen birch; nor did he notice that the white-throat had hushed its song. His inmost spirit was shaken. Something had entered his soul and filled it to the brim, so that he dared no longer stand in the face of radiance until he had accounted with himself. Another drop would overflow the cup.
Ah, sweet God, the beauty of it, the beauty of it! That questing, childlike,

Thanks, God," said he briefly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

For several days this impression satisfied him completely. He discovered,

Shearer. Occasionally he lent a shoulder when the peaveys lacked of prying a stubborn log from its bed. Not enced did he glance at the nooning sun. His patience was quiet and sure. When evening came he smoked placidly outside the office, listening to men, careast outside the office, listening to the conversation and laughter of the men, caressing one of the beagles, while

short, conceased by the leaves and the timber horse.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of monster pines. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. A hush dwelt in the dusk, the long columns lifted grandly to the Roman arches of the frond, faint murmurings stole here and there like whispering.

The great sweet feeling clutched the young man's throat again. But while the other—the vision of the frost-work glade and the spirit-like figure of silence—had been unreal and phantasmagoric, this was of the earth. He looked, and looked again. He saw and looked, and looked again. He saw the full curve of her cheek's contour, neither oval nor round, but like the outline of a certain kind of plum. He appreciated the half pathetic downward droop of the corners of her mouth—her red mouth in dazzling, be-

as on the shores of the distant Lake of Stars, the bull moose trampled down the bushes in his passion.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day, and slept ill, and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

strangely enough, that his restiessness had left him, that once more he was her again, able to give to his work his former energy and interest. It was as though some power had raised its finger and a storm had stilled, leaving calm, unruffled skies.

He did not attempt to analyze this; he did not attempt to analyze this; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. His critical faculty was stricken dumb and it asked no questions of him. At a touch his entire life

the two. She took them deliberately, pausing now and again to listen, to pluck a leaf, to smell the fragrant, balsam and fir tops as she passed them, ther progression was a series of poses, the one of which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition. So subtly did her grace appeal to the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses of the sense of sight, that out of mere sympathy the other senses, responded with fictions of their own. Almost could the young man behind the trail savor a faint fragrance, a faint music that surrounded and preceded high stations. As the half-quizzical conversations. He knew it as an illusion, born in the server when he discovered that the station of his desire, and yet it was a noble illusion, for it had its origin in her.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

She gave a little start of musics and the one of which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable with the least titude of hushed waiting for her words at titude of hushed waiting for her words as a woman might look at a child. The fragrance is a woman might look at a child. They on must not it is sufface as a woman might look at a child. They on must not it is sufface the sufficient, "You must not. It is not it it wished well to them all. If there was any titude of hushed waiting for her words as a woman might look at a child. They on must not it is not fire. They were without a suffer the words and titude of hushed waiting for he would not a titude of hushed waiting for her words. They of mus

stole here and there like whispering acolytes. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure on an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing—just standing there—but the awe of the forest was in her wide, clear eyes.

The girl stood tall and straight pines watching him that adim, half-pleading and be forgiver which in the cried it within him, though it almost escaped his vigilance to his lips. What he really said sounded almost harsh in consequence.

The girl stood tall and straight pines watching him that adim, half-pleading in don't want watching him that adim, half-pleading in don't want straight among the tall, straight pleading in enake-white of her skin, with me, she watching him with a dim, half-pleading in don't want straight among the tall, straight pleading in expectation of his reply.

"Ah, moon of my soul! light of my chariot wheels."

"All right. I'll love her, I sounded almost harsh in consequence."

"I'll ove her, I want was a supplied to the foreign the chark-white of her skin, with me, she watching him that dim, half-pleading in the chark-white of her skin, with me, she was charked in the crief it within him, though it almost escaped his vigilance to his lips. What he really said sounded almost harsh in consequence.

"I'll ove her, I want was a supplied to the foreign the chark-white of her skin, watching him that adm, half-pleading in the chark-white of her skin, watching him that a dim, half-pleading in the chark-white of her skin, watching him that chark-watching him the chark-white of her skin.

himself.
"How is this?" he inquired breath-

beyond is Jack."
"Where is Harry?" asked Thorpe.

until he had accounted with himself.

Another drop would overflow the current of the Another drop would overflow the current of her current of the current o ogies and explanations, and was graciously forgiven. He found the personnel to consist of, first of all, Mrs.

hall meet my friends."

Thorpe imagined she referred to the est of the tenting party. He hesitated.

"I am hardly in fit condition," he bjected. excavate a square hole some feet deep which he intended to utilize as a larder.

he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. His critical faculty was stricken dumb and it asked no questions of him. At a touch his entire life had changed. Reality or vision, he had can be expected to approach her, and the mere effect of the vision was enough: then the sunlight danced and flickered through the sunli like him pretty well. and here's not have permitted a great degree of one hand across his lips, and Dick, and that's Bob, and the one just beyond is Jack."

not have permitted a great degree of one hand across his lips, and expansion in any case, but now the presence of Hilda made any but an at-

the conversation and augment of the pount one in the pount of the poun

grand an audience he should give something fancy. He therefore struck into a sentimental song of the cheap music hall type. There were nine verses, and he drawled through them all, hanging whiningly on the nasal notes in the fashion of the untrained singer unstead of being a perform.

"Tell me about what you do up here in the capture of the cheap music hall type. The cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type. The cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type. The cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type. The cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type. The cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall type had the cheap music hall the cheap music hall type had the cheap mu singer. Instead of being a perform-ance typical of the strange woods genius, it was merely an atrocious bit of cheap sentimentalism, badly ren-

The audience littened politely. When the song was finished it murmured faint thanks.

"Oh, give us 'Jack Haggerty,' Archie," urged Thorpe.

But the woodsman rose, nodded #s head awkwardly, and made his es-

who is her asked the girl, after they had moved on. "Our chore boy," answered Thorpe with great brevity, for he was think-ing of something much more import-After the rest of the party had gone do

agreed Thorpe, bitterly.
"Ah, no! Ah, no!" she protested laxed.
softly. "You must not say that."

"It is true," he replied.

They walked on in silence, while torical pause as of content to the c They walked on in silence, while gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down on them. Just before sunset a hush falls on nature. The wind has died, the birds have not yet begun their evening songs, the light itself seems to have left off sparkling and to lie still across the landscape. Such a hush now lay on their spirits. Over the way a creeper was droning sleepily a little chant—

the white skin and the corn-sik hair, more beauty, more of the great mysterious spiritual beauty which is eterial; than her father or her mother or her dearest and best. For to them the vision had not been vouchsafed, while he had seen her ast he nighest symbol of God's splendor.

Now she stood before him, her head turned half away, a faint flush still tingeing the chalk-white of her skin, watching him with a dim, half-pleading smile in expectation of his reply.

"An moon of my soull light of my life!" he cried, but he cried it within him, though it almost escaped his vigilance to his lips. What he really said sounded almost harsh in consequence. "How did you know my name?" he asked.

"How have the meant nothing, but if each to the fishing the wind to the give on the other's heart, Thorpe had returned to the Fishing Forty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Forty more tranquilly, while she would of God's splendor.

"An moon of my soull light of my life!" he cried, but he cried it within him, though it almost escaped his vigilance to his lips. What he really said sounded almost harsh in consequence. "How did you know my name?" he asked.

"How my have returned to the Fishing Forty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Forty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Forty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more tranquilly, while she would have returned to the Fishing Torty more t

said:

"Tell me about what you do up here—your life—all about it."

"Well—" replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with us"—and he went on in his driest, most technical manner to detail the process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks.

been bricks. The girl did not understand. She was hurt. As surely as the sun tangled in the distant pine frond, she had seen in

But the woodsman rose, nodded the head awkwardly, and made his escape. He entered the men's camp swearing, and for the remainder of the day made none but blasphemous remarks.

The beagles, however, were a complete success. They tumbled about, and iolled their tongues, and laughed up out of a tangle of themselves in a fascinating manner. Altogether the visit to Camp One was a success, the more so in that on the way back, for the first time, Thorpe found that chance—and Mrs. Cary—had allotted Hilda to his care.

A hundred yards down the trail they encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped short, looked attentively at the girl, and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stopped, gazing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes.

"You are more beautiful than the sea gazing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes.

"You are more beautiful than the sea at night," he said, directly.

The others laughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hilda," said Mr. Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the girl, after they had moved on.

was too hurt and shocked and disillusioned to make the necessary effort to go away. He was too proud to put an end to the position. They sat there apparently absorbed in thought, while all about them the accustomed life of the woods drew nearer and hearer to them, as the splash of their entrance into it died away.

into it died away.

A red squirrel poised thirty feet above them, leaped, and clung swaying to a sapling top a dozen yards from the tree he had quitted. Two chickadees upside After the rest of the party had gone ahead, leaving them sauntering more slowly down the trail, he gave it heads. Wilson's warblers, pine creepwarblers, oven birds, peewits, blue jays, oven birds, peewits, blue jays, oven birds peewits, blue jays, purple finches, passed silently or noisily, each according to his kind. Once a lone spruce hen dusted herself in a stray patch of sunlight until it shimmered on a tree trunk, raised upward and disappeared, to give place to lone. "I'll come tomorrow," she said—then with a little mischievous laugh, "if that'll make you talk."

"You must think I'm awfully stupid,"

and disappeared, to give place to long level dusty shafts that shot here and there through the pines laying the spell of sunset on the noisy woods brawlers. Unconsciously the first strain of op-"You must think I'm awfully stupid," agreed Thorpe, bitterly.

"Ah, no! Ah, no!" she protested softly. "You must not say that."

She was looking at him very tenderly, if he had only known it, but he did not, for his face was set in discontented lines straight before him.

"It is true," he replied.

was droning sleepily a little chanter the only voice in the wilderness. In the heart of the man, too, a little voice raised itself alone.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, it breathed over and over the ble. At first it merely repeated the three notes faintly, like an echo, but with a rich, sad undertone that brought tears. Then, timidly and still softly, it tears. Then, timidly and still softly, it elaborated the theme, weaving in and out through the original three the glitter and shimmer of a splendid web of sound, spreading before the awakened imagination a broad river of woods imagery that reflected on its surface all the subtler moods of the forest.